

APR 25 1917

FILM FUN

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book combined

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A STARTLING STORY!!

"Confessions

of a Motion Picture Actress" Continued in this Number



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THE MILLION DOLLAR SMILE.

THE ORIENT UNMASKED

THE sombre and fantastic tapestries that so long hid from modern gaze the Eastern world during the height of its luxury and laxity have been drawn aside, and behold! a new world—strange and dim and distant—real and still unreal—devotional and yet emotional—spiritual and yet intensely physical—a world of men and women with ardent temperaments and strange beliefs. Though the lutes are silent, and the beautiful women who fascinated and allured the ancient kings and princes with their smiles and dances are gone; though the warm blood no longer courses through their veins, and all the ancient Gods and phantom hosts and wizards with their magic arts are dead—that wondrous vivid life—so poetic and intense—which found expression in a thousand merry, roguish tales, can now be enjoyed through the John Payne translation of

“ORIENTAL TALES”

THE REAL ARABIAN NIGHTS

Being the first complete and unexpurgated rendering into English of The Book of The Thousand Nights and One Night. Translated from the Original Arabic by JOHN PAYNE and Specially Prepared for the Francois Villon Society of London.



A MARVELOUS WORK

The first glimpse the Western world had of the wondrous life of this period was in the early part of the eighteenth century, when Galland issued the first part of The Thousand and One Nights, in a French translation from the Arabic, which at once became famous as "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments." For nearly two centuries these few Oriental tales were allowed to masquerade in abridged condition in the literary world. Deprived of their beauty and originality, shorn of the very qualities which make them attractive, they were printed and reprinted in English until famous scholars, Mr. Payne and others, carried away by their mysterious power, resolved to give them and many others to the reading world in their original form.

So John Payne, the most eminent Orientalist of his day, set to work to translate these many tales and mystic legends, with all their passionate and languid charm, into the English tongue; to reproduce fully and candidly the literature of Persia, India and Arabia—a literature redolent with the smell of incense, with the din of plaintive and alluring music, with black-haired women and strange dances—subtle and suggestive—with weird influences and voluptuous beauty; to render into English the sports and caprices of those old peoples—keeping nothing back—and to let the finished work stand as its own apology; to translate these wondrous stories exactly and literally as they were told by the Oriental people themselves, with all their Oriental freedom and candor.

When the work was finished it was received by the privileged few among whom it circulated as a marvelous, almost a miraculous, contribution to the literature of the world.

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These "Oriental Tales" are the literature of the people of the old Eastern world—the children of rare imagination—of idealism and realism.

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They take us into dimly lighted halls canopied by rich draperies where the incense burns amid its luxurious surroundings and sends its gray smoke curling lazily through the scented air. We walk in imagination through enchanted, perfumed corridors and feel the freedom of the antique world. The soft rugs yield beneath our feet and we pause to listen to the playing of the fountains, or to watch the graceful nymphs idling the hours away.

We see the Oriental dances, so wonderful in their mystic, tropical grace, so different from the imported burlesques of to-day. We watch the gorgeous barges floating on the placid Tigris, decorated with glittering gold and bearing radiant women languishing beneath wreaths of flowers on silken divans, fanned by slaves and lovers, and smiling with voluptuous content as with half-closed eyes they look upon the gorgeous scene of many-colored domes and minarets and royal palaces that line the shores. They believe that the great God Allah will cheerfully forgive them everything they do.

These Tales, in all their wealth and variety and uniqueness, are the most marvelous expression of fascinating national manners and customs in the literature of the world.

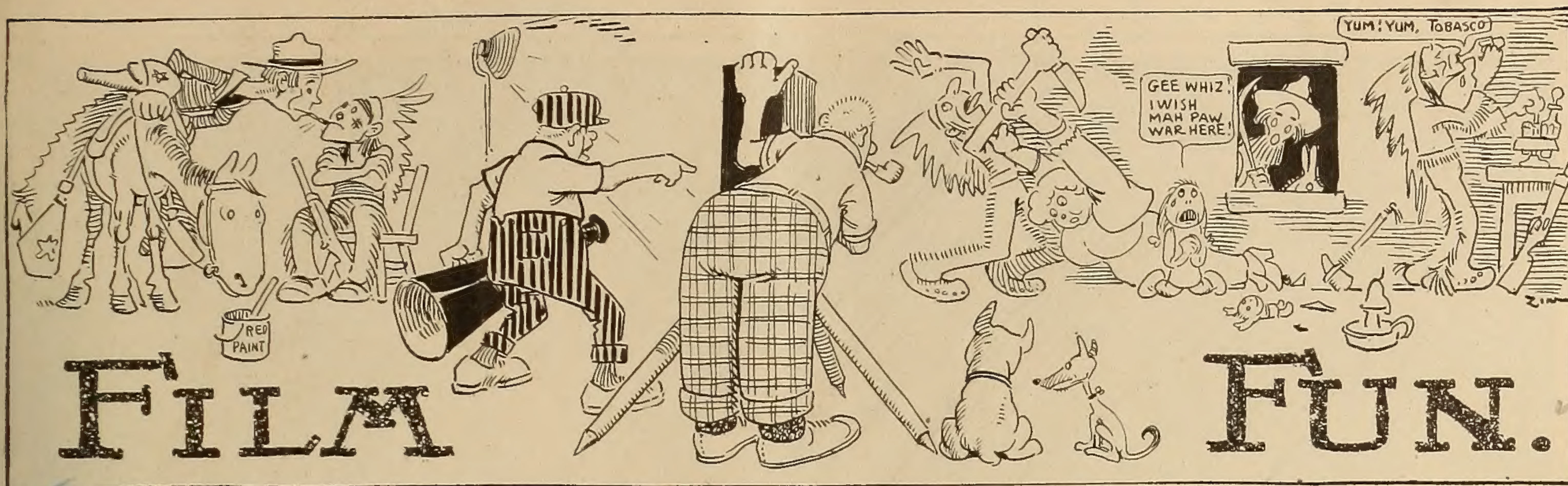
There is nothing like them—they stand alone—unaccounted for—magnificent works of genius.

They unmask and display for the first time to Western eyes life as it was actually passed by those who lived among the glories of Oriental ease and luxury and freedom when the world was young.

A few sets of "Oriental Tales" will be available to Film Fun readers at an especially low price while they last. Full information sent on receipt of coupon—BUT MAIL AT ONCE.

APR 25 1917

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E D I T O R I A L

The Housecleaning

AS A RESULT of the publication of the series now running in this magazine, "The Confessions of a Motion Picture Actress," FILM FUN has received countless letters of opinion, some commendatory and some distinctly otherwise.

Some of the screen stars who have reached a point in screen art at which their commendation is worth much wire us that they glory in our courage and urge us to keep on until the housecleaning is complete. Others, good and tried friends, warn us that we are digging our own grave in thus exposing actual conditions to the knowledge of the public.

Even those who denounce us for telling the truth admit that these conditions exist. And FILM FUN believes that ignoring a serious condition will do nothing toward eradicating it. We have no desire to pander to the depraved appetites of such people as are looking for mental and moral filth. But we do intend to call attention to the need of a housecleaning in the motion picture studios. Half-way measures will accomplish nothing. We fear the displeasure of none.

The director or manager who has a clean backyard need lose no sleep in anxiety as to the future of any magazine that has the courage and daring to demand a clean-up.

Many daughters of good families desire to enter screen work. Parents who have the interest of their family at heart have commended us for wanting to make it possible for their sons and daughters to work under clean and moral conditions in the studios. The screen stars who have emerged successfully and triumphantly with unsullied souls from the struggles they have undergone to climb the ladder

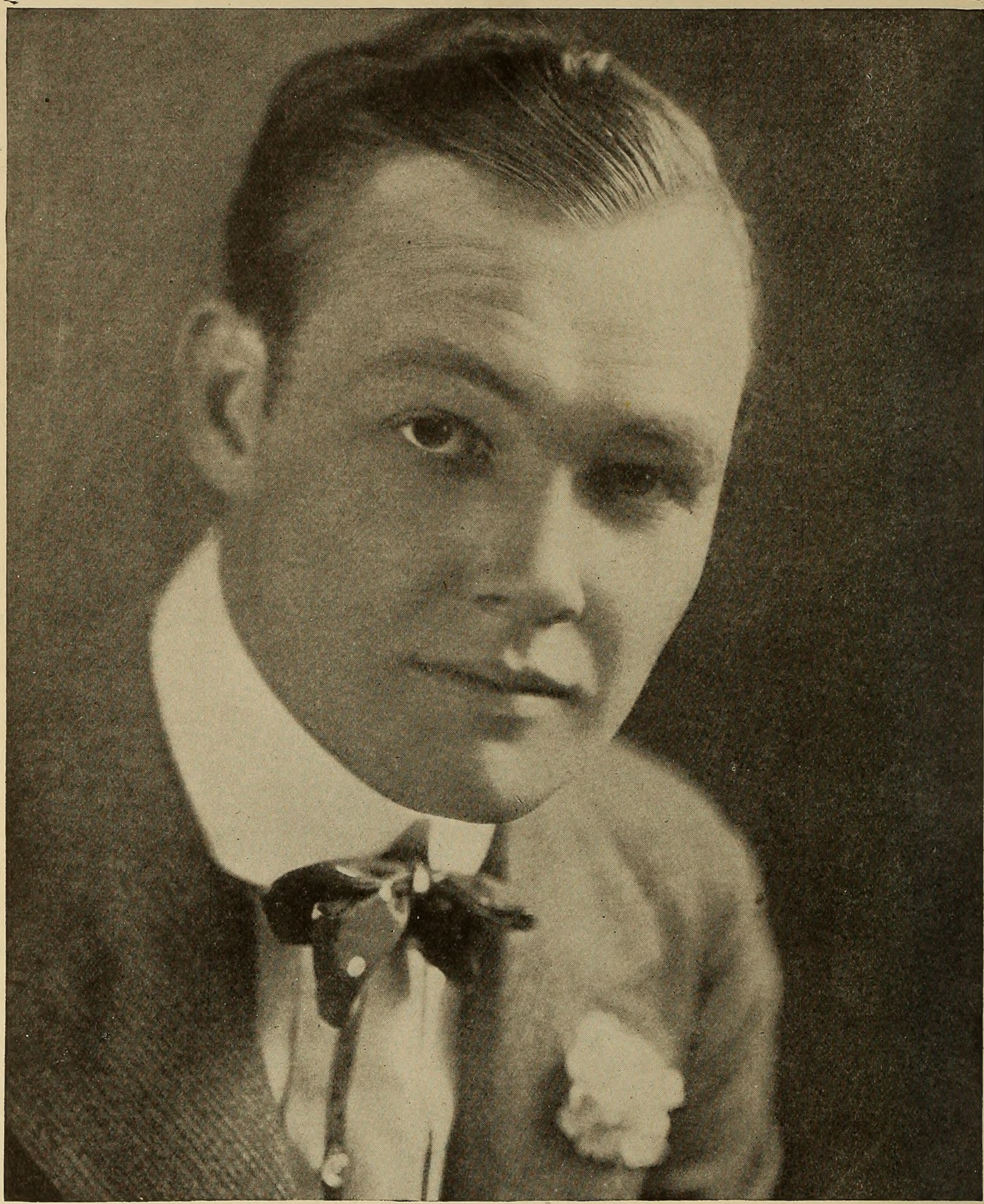
of success are with us. They know it will make it easier for the young women who are to come after them.

And if FILM FUN is digging its own grave through its work of calling attention to these things that need attention, and by demanding clean pictures, produced under clean and decent surroundings, by men and women whose honesty, integrity and devotion to their art has already stood the test of stern trial, and who are ready to work hard for their future in screen work—whose ability is above reproach and not below it—then we will dig it bravely and unafraid. If to demand decency and honesty means the grave, then we gayly shoulder our shovel and start the procession.

The housecleaning will continue.

Since the beginning of time the period of housecleaning has been condemned by those whom it makes uncomfortable. Never yet has a long-neglected house undergone a necessary cleaning without bringing to light certain piles of debris that have lain unnoticed and neglected in obscure corners, filling the place with a vague mustiness and atmospheric distrust that are noticeable on entrance. And although the denouncers of housecleaning have denounced and declaimed for centuries, the housecleaning still goes on; for there are plenty of citizens left, thank God! who have an ambition to keep their own dooryards and their own surroundings in a state of commendable cleanliness.

When the motion picture industry has learned the lesson of the modern housewife and has effected a complete and efficient organization that will keep its offices and its studios and its management clean and wholesome by steady, constant and conscientious attention, the big housecleaning will be unnecessary.

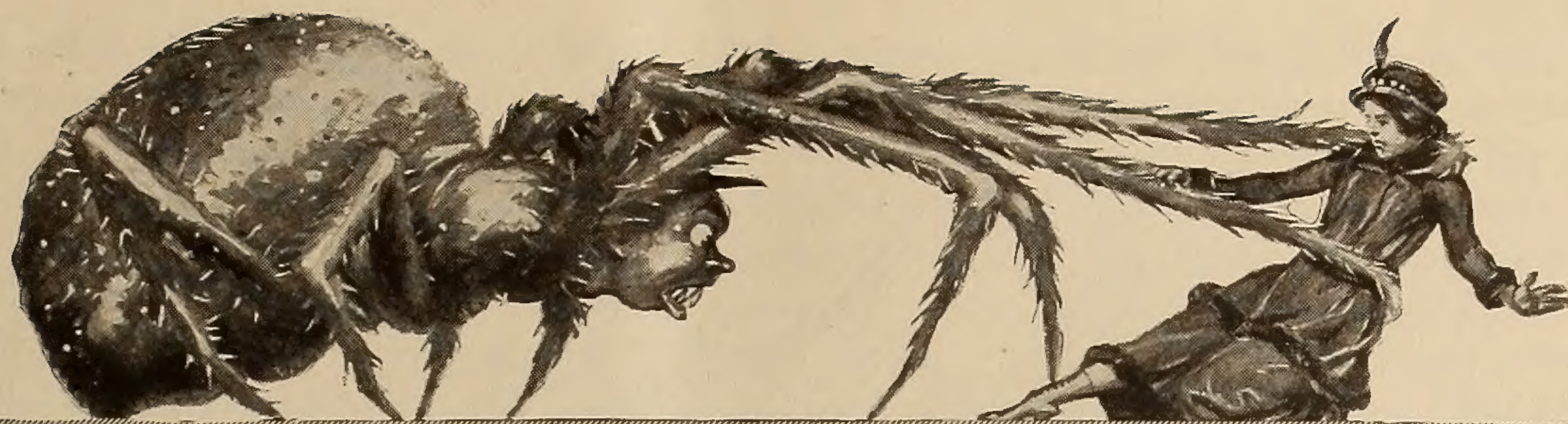


TRIANGLE-INCE

CHARLES RAY

WITZEL PHOTO

Is a "regular fellow" and a real baseball fan. Not only is he an enthusiastic watcher of the game—he is still sufficiently young and undignified to enjoy running bases himself and is right there with the bat and in field work—even if he can't tie his neckties *quite* straight.



"CONFESSIONS OF A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS"

The foregoing installments of this remarkable story, which began in our February issue, brought us many expressions of approval of our determination to throw the limelight of publicity on conditions in the motion picture business as the author of these articles has found them. As we said before, the identity of the writer necessarily must remain a mystery. But we repeat that she was well known in the world of drama before she entered the motion picture field, and that she has been in a position to know personally of the incidents mentioned in this series. No exaggeration of the happenings in motion picture offices and studios, about which she tells so graphically, has been necessary—the facts speak for themselves. Startling as were the first chapters, the subsequent ones will be even more gripping. You cannot afford to miss one of them.

IN A MANAGER'S outer office one day, while waiting my turn for an interview, I sat reading my customary book. This was a habit I had early acquired when going the rounds of agencies and managers, as I felt I could thereby put to some good account the time spent in waiting. While I was thus engrossed in my book this day, as the door to the private office opened, I heard a girl's voice saying, "Then you won't want to see me before the end of next week? All right; I'll drop in then. Good-day!"

The voice was familiar, and I looked up to see a girl I had worked with for some time during the preceding fall and summer in a New Jersey studio. We had shared the same dressing-room and had always got on beautifully together. She was an intelligent girl, with a sweet disposition and a lovable nature, and we grew to be good friends.

As has become the method when the winter snows begin to loom upon the horizon, motion picture companies go either south to Florida or west to balmy, sunny California. My little friend (who for the purposes of this story shall be called "Myra") was fortunate in being included with a company routed for Los Angeles. She was to get a very nice salary and good parts in five-reel features. The company was to be gone a year or more.

As hardly six months of this time had elapsed, and here was the girl back in New York hunting a job, I was at the moment more than surprised. Not seeing me, she started directly for the elevator, and as she did so, I quickly crossed the room, seized her hand and in emphatic tones said, "Why, Myra, don't pass me by like this! When did you get back? What happened?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, immediately recalling me. "Well, I *am* glad to see you! I only got in yesterday.

Oh, I've a million things to tell you! What are *you* doing?"

I shrugged my shoulders in answer. "Nothing much. It's the same old story with me. Had quite a few 'nibbles'; occasionally they amount to something 'nice,' and just as occasionally they amount to something 'not nice.' But tell me about yourself, Myra. I'm just crazy to hear about everything! I hadn't heard a word about your coming back."

"Well, my dear, it's a long story, and not the most pleasant one, either. You don't have to wait to see this manager, do you? No? Then let's go over to my room, and I'll unburden myself. I've got to get some things out of my trunk—haven't begun to unpack it yet—and—look at me! I'm in rags! So while I dig out some respectable garments, I'll enlighten you. It's a messy story, I warn you beforehand."

"Hardly think you can shock me. I'm willing to take a chance. It's a bit consoling to hear of someone else's sorrows and tribulations."

Later, in her room that afternoon, Myra told me of the "happenings" on the coast, and without commenting, and as faithfully as I can, I will retell them. And the story shall be told in Myra's own words.

"You didn't even know that I'd left the Y—— Company, did you?"

"I hadn't seen you in their latest picture from the Coast Studio, but there really wasn't any part in it suited to you, so I didn't think anything about it one way or the other. I knew you had had bad weather, and then I've—well, I've been somewhat engrossed in my own troubles."

"I don't know if the climate affects directors and managers when they reach the coast, or whether they feel they

are so far from home it doesn't matter what they do. Anyhow, we had no sooner gotten out there than—well, you knew who my director was. Do you know, the cameras were hardly out of their cases before he became very attentive. He was so solicitous about me and my work—how I was located, if I liked Los Angeles, if I was happy, etc.—until the thing began to get on my nerves. You know he's married and has a dear, sweet wife; but she had remained in New York, planning to come to the coast later. And here was the husband (and they had only been married a few months at that!) ready to make violent love to me if I'd give him the slightest encouragement. Things became so uncomfortable for me after a while that I felt I couldn't stand it, job or no job, so I made up my mind to get out. But I didn't care much about giving my notice, as that would mean paying my way back to New York in case I couldn't connect up in Los Angeles. I couldn't afford that. I didn't even have the money for a return ticket.

"So I began to nose about and see if I could get with some other company out there. I got a fairly decent half promise of work from one manager, and fully realizing the chance I was taking, I quit the Y—— Company. I knew that with this company it was a case of either becoming the director's sweetheart or refusing and being dismissed by him. I anticipated his move and deprived him of at least the joy of 'firing' me.

"Oh, I quit all right, and after a time managed to settle with a company. You said you wanted to hear all about it, so here goes from the preliminaries to the grand finale."

"I'm listening with both ears," I broke in. "*Continuez, s'il vous plait.*"

"A big New York manager had just arrived on the coast, bringing only his star and leading woman, planning to get the rest of the company out there. I phoned for an appointment, got it, and at the appointed hour I called. I was shown into the inner office, and the door was closed. The manager wanted to know whom I had been with. I told him. He asked my salary. I said one hundred. He said he couldn't possibly afford to pay that much right away, but if I would be willing to start in on checks at five dollars a day, he would do better for me later on—if he liked me. I told him that wouldn't be quite the thing for me to do, as I had been getting a good salary and was pretty well established in pictures. He seemed to have difficulty in hearing me and drew his chair up close to me. Finally I concluded he was either deaf or pretending to be so. He said I spoke too low, leaned over to me, his cheek almost touching mine, and drew his chair up so that our knees almost touched. All this time he was playing with a string of beads I wore, twisting them until they were tight about my neck and patting my cheek as he did this. I knew now he was pretending to be deaf. Finally he asked me to come back at five o'clock that day, as his secretary would be away then, and he could talk more freely with me. I mentioned salary again, but he replied he could not say until he found out how well he liked me—not the public, mind you, but himself. I never went back.

"I tried one of the stock companies next. I called at the studio and asked for the manager. The stenographer

came out on the little porch of the office (which was a log-cabin affair) and said he was somewhere about the plot and she would point him out to me. All this time, however, he was standing in a corner, 'taking me in.' Shortly after he beckoned to the stenographer. She went to him. He took her aside, and I knew he was asking her who I was. Then she came back to me and said he'd be right over, and that I was to go into his private office and wait for him. He came in immediately; the stenographer introduced us and left the room. This being my second adventure, I'll designate this manager as Mr. B——. Just as well I don't tell you who he is, anyway. I wouldn't want to prejudice you beforehand against him should you some time have occasion to talk business with him."

"Well, I suppose it's just as well you don't tell me who he is, Myra," I said; "only I've gotten to the point where I don't expect much any more. In fact, I'm rather surprised when I'm treated just fairly decent. You know, the sad part of it all is that not a few of these men who now hold positions of authority around motion picture studios previous to their 'picture' debut were either shoe clerks, street-car conductors or valets, even. They hardly know the difference between a street walker and a lady."

"I'm afraid you're right; but let's be charitable, anyway, and say that our experiences have been particularly unfortunate."

"I'm willing; but tell me about Mr. B——."

"Well, I believe I left myself in the office with Mr. B——. The door was closed, and the interrogations began. 'Whom had I been with?' I told him. But first of all he asked me to take off my hat, as he wanted to see my hair.

"'Are you a really, truly blonde?' he asked me.

"'I certainly am a really, truly blonde,' I answered.

"'What is your salary?'

"'I told him.

"'He said he couldn't possibly pay it. It was customary with his firm to try out applicants in one picture, to see how they photographed and get the personality, etc. He would like to try me in one picture and would give me ten dollars a day as long as it lasted. 'You'll do one little picture for me on these terms, won't you?' he asked me coaxingly.

"'I answered I would, for I was nearly broke—but I didn't tell him so. I was to report the next day.

"'I awoke the following morning to find a steady down-pour of rain, but as I had been told to report at the studio 'rain or shine' at nine o'clock, I arose, dressed, breakfasted, and with my little 'make-up' box under my arm trotted off. I knew this much about Mr. B——: He liked blondes and curls, so I made up like Mary Pickford, with bunches and bunches of curls. I just stuck them on in hunks. Then I waited to see what we were to do. (This studio had not yet installed artificial lights, so sunlight was indispensable in order to work.)

"'It rained all day long, and all day long Mr. B—— kept coming to my dressing-room. He lingered about the place and kept calling for a girl (I'll name her 'Susan'). Well, 'Susan' finally made her appearance. Mr. B——



“Why, you don’t mind kissing a man ‘good night’ who is old enough to be your father, do you?”

introduced us and seemed to want me to 'make friends' with 'Susan' right away. After having been introduced, 'Susan' stayed in my room, and every few minutes Mr. B—— would appear and say to her, 'Do you remember such and such a party? Remember that party we had out at V—— Country Club? Didn't we have a good time?' Suddenly he turned to me and said, 'Why don't you give me a party at your apartment?'

"As I had to give my address when engaged for the picture, of course he knew I lived in an apartment. Then he continued by saying, 'If you will, I'll bring the beer.'

"I answered, 'If you want to drink beer, you'll surely have to bring it yourself, as I never have intoxicating liquors in my apartment.'

"That didn't phase him in the least. So I said, 'I think it will be lovely to have a party at my apartment. When do you want to come?'

"The date was fixed for the following week. You see, he had never thought of the possibility of my being married, let alone the possibility of my husband being in town. But he was. The dramatic company he had been with in San Francisco had closed, and he had come down to join me. So on account of my husband being with me, I readily consented to the party and was looking forward with great anticipation to Mr. B——'s meeting him and seeing what effect his knowledge of my being married might have. I had sized him up as preferring his fair artists unattached.

"The second day the sun came out, and we got in a good day's work. Work finished, I took off my make-up and was starting to dress, when Mr. B—— called for 'Susan.' Her dressing-room was next to mine. She had gone for the day. So he knocked at my door and said, 'Are you dressed?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'just putting on my hat to go home.' 'Can I come in?' 'Certainly. Come right in.' He continued, 'Going right home?' 'Well, I'm going in a few minutes.' He started to put his arm around me. I repulsed him, saying I was not that kind of a girl, to which he answered, 'Why, you don't mind kissing a man "good-night" who is old enough to be your father, do you? I like you because you don't look like a "fast" girl. You look as though you were particular.'"

However vulgar or common this conversation may sound to the reader, I vouch for the truth of every word of it. The pity is there seems to be no escaping such experiences. In their variations they come to every ambitious girl, no matter how conservative she may be, unless she has money to buy a block of stock in the company. Every clever and pretty girl who is struggling to get ahead in the motion picture profession and doesn't seem to make any progress will have the same story to tell you, if she will confide it and not lock it up within her heart to ache and rankle there.

Myra continued her story.

"The next day it rained again, and we could do no work. An hour or two after luncheon Mr. B—— called at my dressing-room and said I might as well have the afternoon to myself, as there was no use waiting any longer for light. Previous to telling me this, he had appeared at my dressing-room door to say he was going downtown, and I was a bit surprised that he hadn't gone. In a half hour I

was ready to leave. As I passed the office, I noticed he was still there. More surprise on my part. I was hurrying down the street to get my trolley, when I heard a motor car come up behind me and Mr. B——'s voice saying, 'Wouldn't you like to ride with me?' I thanked him and got into the car. 'Where is your apartment?' he asked. I told him, but said I wasn't going directly home, as I had some shopping to do at a department store and would be pleased if he would drop me there. He said he would be glad to and did.

"It was an ironclad rule at this studio that all artists must report at 8:30 and be made up by 9 a.m., but as I stepped out of the motor, Mr. B—— said, 'You won't have to be made up before nine-thirty or ten to-morrow. We won't be ready to "shoot" before then.' I thanked him again, said 'Good-by,' and went on my merry way.

"The next two days were beautiful, so we worked out 'on location,' and again each night he took me home in his car. He talked only about how he could not afford to be seen with promiscuous women. Would I go out with him? 'Are you here alone?' 'Where are your folks?' 'Are you living with your mother?' etc., etc. He threw these questions at me in rapid succession.

"I did not want to tell him just yet, for business reasons, that I was married. I thought I'd try to get my contract first, which I felt quite confident would be forthcoming in a few days now, just as soon as he saw my picture. I had also planned I would have my contract before the party, which was scheduled for the following week, came off. So I said, 'Yes, I'm living alone—just a maid with me.' 'Why are you living alone?' he asked. 'It just happens, I suppose.'

"This picture, my 'try-out,' was completed on a Wednesday, but the next day we were to do 'close-ups.' It turned out to be a murky day, and we were 'shooting' scenes between clouds. I looked up suddenly to see Miss M. D——. You know, there is no one in or out of the dramatic or musical-comedy profession who doesn't know her. She had come by appointment to talk over a picture with Mr. B——. She had been such a bully good friend to me when I first went upon the stage as an extra girl in one of her companies that in my exuberance of joy at seeing her here, I rushed up to her while she was talking with Mr. B——. Miss D—— said,

"'Why, you dear girl, what are you doing out here?'

"'Oh,' I said, pointing my finger at Mr. B——, 'he's going to give me a contract, he's so pleased with my work.'

"Then Miss D—— continued, 'This little girl came to New York to try her luck, and I gave her her first opportunity, and afterward I had occasion to befriend her. She is worthy of anything you can do for her.'

"Then she turned to me, saying, 'Where is your husband? Isn't he with you?' And I answered, 'Oh, yes!'

"'That's right, my dear. Never separate from your husband in this business. A separation usually results in a calamity.'

"Mr. B——'s face, on hearing these words, was a sight to behold. His chin dropped, his eyes grew dark and absolutely expressionless. I went back to my dressing-room

to take off my make-up, and then I went home. But—no auto came up behind me to take me home.

"The next day, which was the last of the picture, I went up to him and innocently asked when he would be at my house for the party. He growled at me in reply, 'Can't go—going to Nebraska to-night.' He snapped the words at me and walked away.

"My work being finished, I went out to the studio the following Tuesday for my check (Tuesday was pay-day). Mr. B—— was walking across the lot, with his arm around a blond girl who had probably taken my place. I waited hours on the porch of his log-cabin office for him to come and talk to me, but I waited in vain. Finally he sent the office boy to me to say that I needn't bother coming back to the studio, as he would 'phone for me when he needed me. Up to the time I left the coast, I hadn't received the 'phone call.

"Had enough for this time? I've got to get this suit to a tailor, and I'm famished for a cup of tea."

"Oh, but, Myra, I want to hear the rest! What happened at the next place?"

"I refuse to discuss them both on the same day. This will have to suffice for the present. I'm going to forget it now and think of clean and decent things. Let's have dinner together some night next week, and then I'll tell you the rest."

"All right; then I'll leave you now. I have an appointment in fifteen minutes, anyhow." So I came away.

Well, I thought to myself, what are you going to do about it? Whichever way you turn, it's the same wretched story!

(To be continued.)

Carney and the Movies

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

Bill Carney was a teamster for an art firm, you can betcha—they sold oil paintings, "dollar down, and dollar when we catcha!" It kept Bill busy taking out and bringing back those beauties when second dollars failed to show; 'twas one of Carney's duties. Said Bill, "I'll quit! I'm weary, quite, of these installment mixtures. I'm going to work in the movies hence, for I've got a lot of experience in the art of MOVING pictures!"

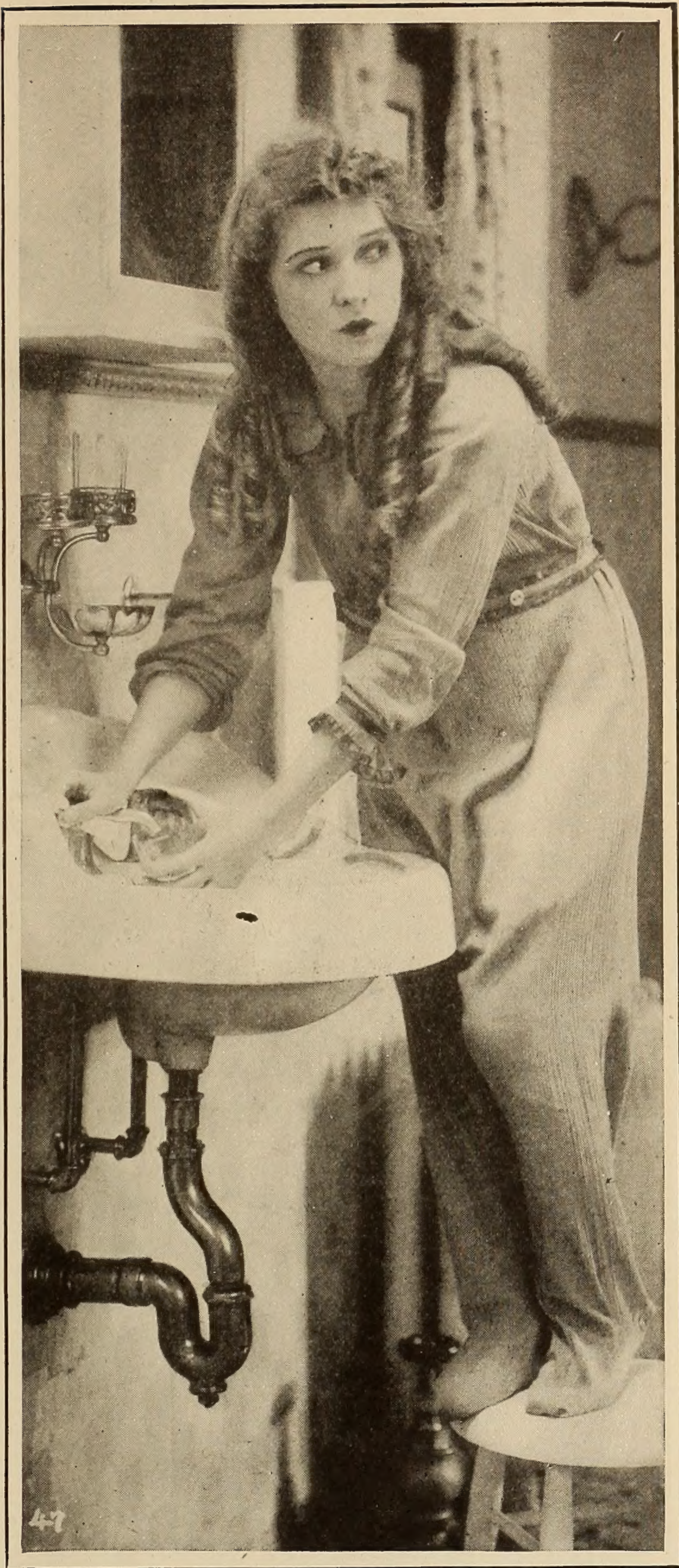
And strange to say, Bill kept his word; he got a job at Whosem as extra man—three bucks a day he'd get when they could use him. One morn at three they roused Bill and chased him on location. He worked till nine o'clock that night, which filled him with vexation. Said Bill, "This is too fast for me—there are no contradictures. I've trotted and jumped and galloped and ran for eighteen hours; now I understan' why they call them MOTION pictures!"

A Poor Pun

The scene showed a rich girl marrying a poor man.

"That woman has no reason to marry a man like that," remarked Mrs. Tiff to her husband.

"You're right," he replied; "and I bet the man would give a poor excuse for marrying her."



ARTCRAFT

MARY PICKFORD,

As she appears in "A Poor Little Rich Girl," the story of a little girl who is rich in money, but poor in the things that really make childhood worth while. "Little Mary" holds a unique place in Screenland, for she has kept every bit of the popularity she first gained back in the old Biograph days—and you wouldn't believe us if we told you how many years ago that was, for in no scene in "A Poor Little Rich Girl" does she look or act more than about fourteen years old.

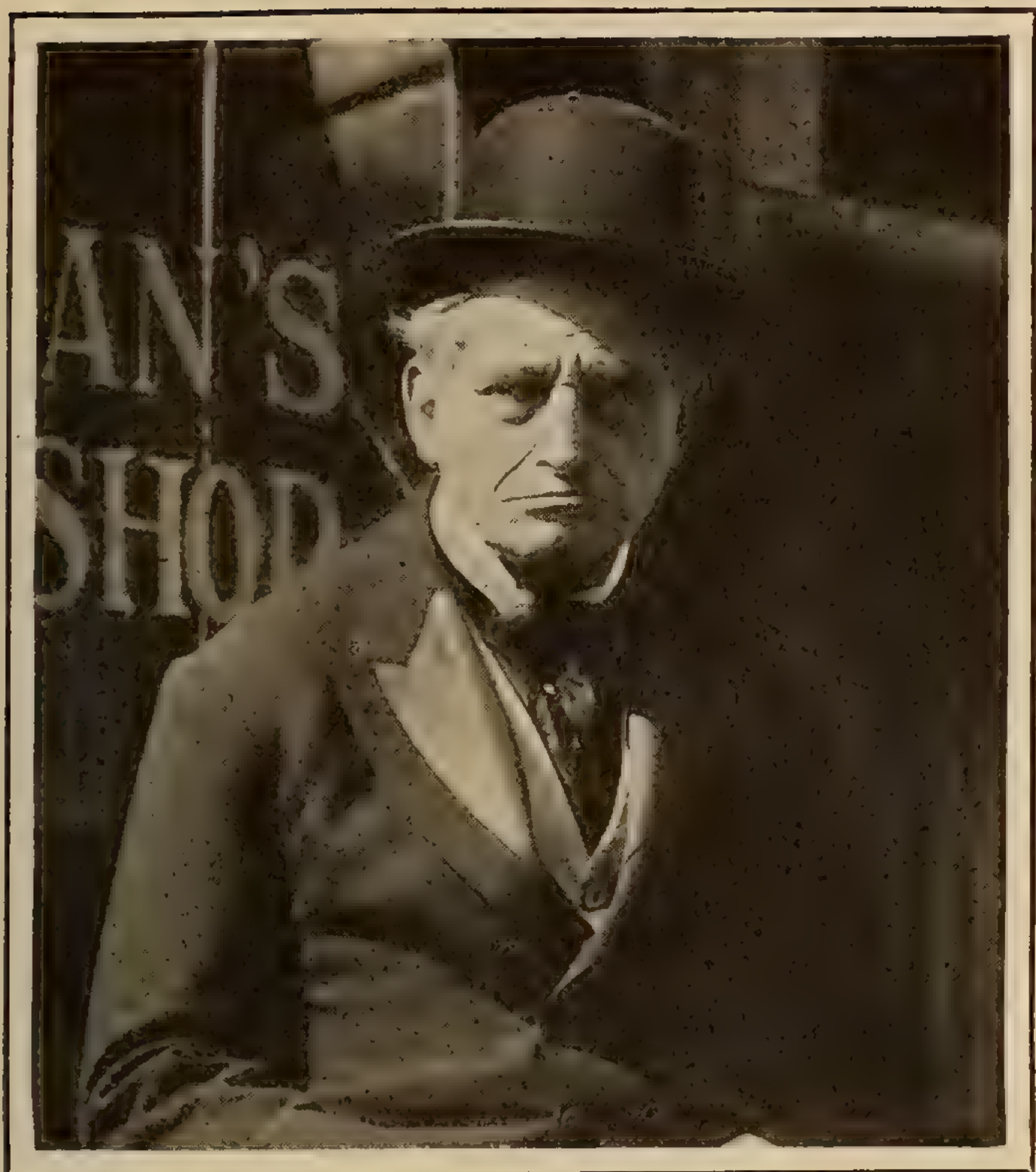


TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

DOROTHY DALTON

Is a member of the newer school of vampires. Refined and ladylike in her methods, Dorothy is, nevertheless, a decidedly quick worker, and can lure men to destruction even with her profile.

And the Villain Still Pursued Her!



VITAGRAPH

No longer does the small boy keep hidden under his pillow tales of dark deeds and thrilling exploits. No longer, after everyone else in the house is asleep, does he strain his eyes over the chapters of Frank Merriwell and Dick Deadeye. Gone is the day of the dime novel—for that same two nickels now will pay for a seat in a picture house, and who wouldn't rather spend it watching Edward Elkas steal the papers *and* the chee-ild?



FOX

Stuart Holmes's record speaks for itself: Persons killed, 1; deaths caused by him, 2; abductions, 10; families broken up, 13; reputations ruined, 3. However, Holmes has been killed five times, so things are pretty nearly evened up.



VITAGRAPH

A new recruit to the ranks of the villains is John Ardizonia, who demonstrated that he was a novice at the game, by letting himself be killed in his first villainous role—a thing which no well-brought-up dabbler in crime should permit.



INTERNATIONAL

There's nothing like acting in a serial to tax the ingenuity of even the most lawless villain, and week after week, as Baron Huroki in "Patria," Warner Oland has had his hands full to keep his laurels as the champion dynamite user of the world. Note the mustache and the cigarette—sure signs in themselves of his depravity.

Music Hath Charms



MUTUAL

Yes, the silent drama has its merits—casting no aspersions on Richard Bennett and Rhea Mitchell.



FOX

When Miriam Cooper sings hymns, St. Peter has to call out the reserves to clear the sawdust trail.



MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER

Cullen Landis casts his eyes to heaven for inspiration, but to Jackie Saunders it sounds like—er—fierce.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

"Ye gods, how much longer do I have to stand this?" breathes Peggy Pierce; but Glen Cavender neither knows nor cares.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

Every so often Bessie Love tires of being a dignified young lady star, and when she does—well, there's no telling what she's likely to do. This pose, by the way, we guarantee to reduce the hips at least four inches—if you stick at it long enough.

No, You're Not!

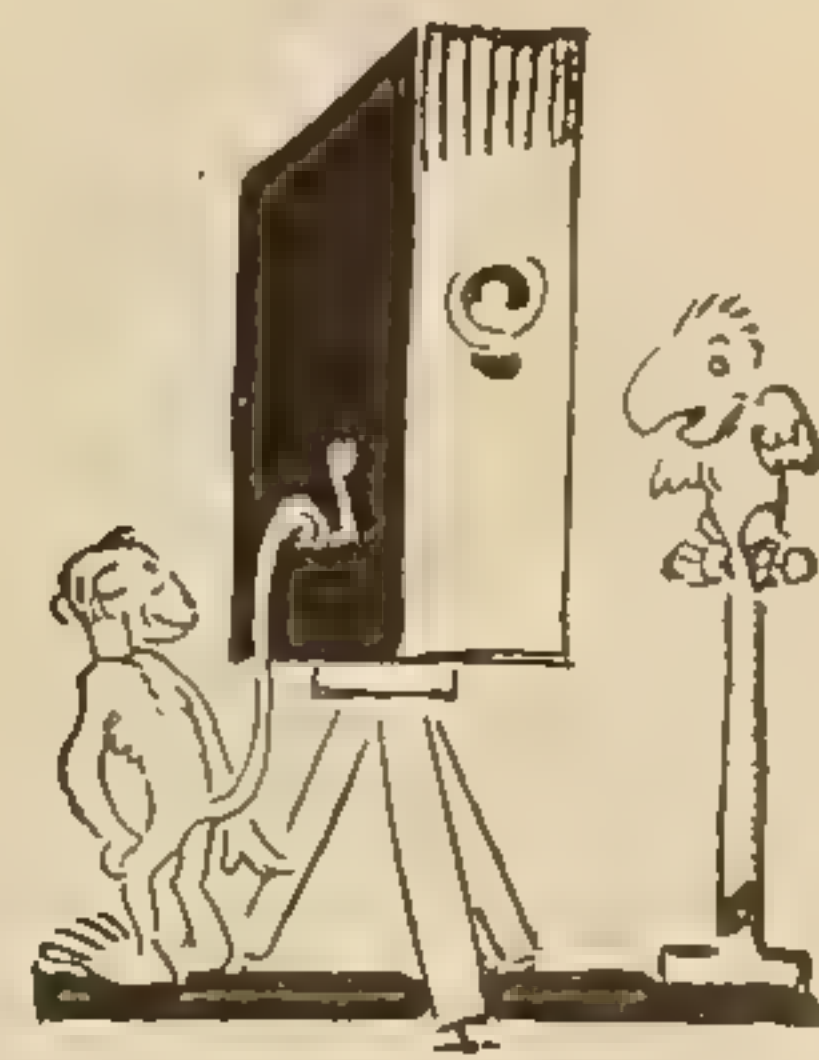
By AMABEL JENKS

WHEN you've tucked your half-read paper coyly underneath your arm,
And decided that all "safety first" is rot,
So leaped from off a full-speed car and never come to harm—
Don't think you're Douglas Fairbanks—'cause you're not!

Or when tripping on your tootsies until well into the night,
You have danced with every belle upon the spot,
Don't misconstrue your partner's smile as being pure delight—
Don't think you're Vernon Castle—for you're not!

When little girls toss 'round in bed because curl-papers pinch,
And take their fair complexions from a pot,
They needn't fancy beauty is such an awful cinch—
Or think they're Mary Pickfords—'cause they're not!

Don't jog your sister's elbow when she's eating steaming soup,
And look unconscious when she makes complaint.
Don't try to look *too* funny when they photograph a group—
You may dress like Charlie Chaplin—but you ain't!



Are You There?



FOX

Virginia Pearson's thoughtful expression means: "Shall it be the pink foulard or the blue taffeta—and has George the price of a taxi?"



LASKY-PARAMOUNT

"Well, of all things!" "listens in" Fanny Ward. "I knew that Mrs. Jones across the way wasn't as nice as she tries to pretend!"



UNIVERSAL

Five guesses as to what Ben Wilson is saying! Here's our own guess, to start the ball rolling: "Yes, dear, I'm very busy, and I'm afraid I can't get home to dinner." Who agrees with us?



KALEM

When Ollie Kirkby talks through the telephone, she wears all her rings, and smiles sweetly. Operators have become very temperamental of late and must be treated with the respect due them.



CHRISTIE

ETHEL LYNNE

EVANS L. A.

Is the kind of looking girl who is responsible, in a large measure, for the existence of the Spring Poet, and she knows two very good reasons why "hypnotize," "mesmerize" and "Paradise" still rhyme with "eyes," in the good old way.



NORMAND FEATURE FILMS

No, the mallet swung so jauntily over Mabel Normand's shoulder does *not* mean that she's a knocker.



FOX

"Four o'clock, and he isn't here yet," says Gladys Brockwell. Whether the dog is bored or only very breathless, you'll have to decide according to your own sex and your convictions.



UNIVERSAL

Harry Carey bids a sad farewell to his lady fair, and, like young Lochinvar, is about to ride out of the West.



MUTUAL-HORKH

Cullen La
Saunders
fashion, ro
Ro



LASKY

Marie Doro even
at her whip,

E-POWER!



on in awe and wonder while Jackie
rides her fiery steed. A lady of
Fifth Avenue in her newest Rolls-
thing on Jackie for queenliness of
pose and expression.



FOX

Very trim and smart in her habit
of white and black is Valeska
Suratt. Note the satisfied expres-
sion on the face of her horse,
showing that he knows he's a
mighty good picker.



FOX

It's worth riding farther than to Banbury Cross to see Anna
Luther on a white horse—which reminds us of the days when
we used to go through some mystic maneuvers every time
we'd seen a white horse, and then bury a wish in the sand.



VITAGRAPH

It had to be Mildred Man-
ning or the horse, so—
who can blame us?

ustrous orbs
practice.



PALLAS-MOROSCO

George Beban, who for many years has won fame as an Italian character actor, has broken his long-standing record and appears for the first time as a screen Frenchman, in "The Bond Between."

The Burst Bubble

By FAIRFAX D. DOWNEY

NO MORE do the movies hold me spellbound in their thrall. The strong grip of realism has relaxed; the delicate bubble of illusion has burst and melted away in the thin air. I have taken up lip reading.

It is the end of the last reel, and the handsome hero is about to clasp the lovely heroine to him. He leans toward her, and his lips move in a whisper. Alas! Has the "silent drama" lost us some tender sentiment, dear to a lover's heart?

The Hero—"Fake this clinch! My wife's behind the camera!"

The father has found his beautiful, long-lost daughter after many sad years of separation. His joy is so real and great that it is pitiful. He strains her to him.

The Daughter—"Leggo, leggo! Want to break my back?"

The film shows us the interior of a Mexican adobe hut. Enter a poor, blind, old Mexican peon, his sightless eyes staring straight before him. He stumbles painfully against a chair, and his lips form a patient protest that those of us who do not know lip reading feel sure must be in accordance with his noble character.

The Peon—"Carranza, Carranza, or whatever us Mexicans swears! That bloomin' 'props' ought to know enough to set a clear stage for a blind man."

A thrilling fight is in progress. The hero is beating the villain down to his knees with a chair. The villain snarls impotently.

The Villain—"Say, this realism stuff is all right, but if you don't crown me more easy with that chair, evil is gonna triumph in this combat!"

Mr. and Mrs. De Riche are receiving at an exceedingly

fashionable musicale, at which, little as they reck, a thrilling robbery is to occur. For each one of the advancing guests, the hostess has a kindly word of greeting or some polite little pleasantry.

The Hostess—"Oh, howdy do, Mrs. Vandergilt! Welcome to me palace. Move on, Mabel—don't block the line! Say, Clarisse, they sure cast you with some slick-lookin' husband! I wouldn't be seen with him in a 'Life on the Bowery' reel. Hi, Eddie, meet up with my husband! Ain't you got no manners? Come up, come up with that paw! None of us fashionable dames shakes hands below the chin."

A dainty boudoir meets our gaze, and next a "close-up" view of a fair-haired, angelic little girl, kneeling by her bed in prayer. She is praying for her abandoned mamma, now far away from home at a wicked cafe. With eyes turned upward and earnest expression, she murmurs.

The Pious Maiden—"For the love of Mike, Mac, shut off that camera! I can't look holy much longer."

Yes, the bubble of illusion is no more.

Miserere

Oft in the stilly night

My rest is badly broken,
By thoughts of cruel words

That editors have spoken.

Oh, photoplay

That "will not pay,"

How oft have you departed

With prayer and fear,

But still you're here

To make me heavy-hearted!

Thus in the stilly night

My rest is badly broken,

By thoughts of cruel words

That editors have spoken.

—Hazel P. Macfarlane.



BLUEBIRD

Yes, Louise is Lovely—in person as well as in name. In fact, in "The Gift Girl," we're inclined to say she's a bird.

If War Comes

By HARRY J. SMALLEY



RED FEATHER

Wasn't it thoughtful of the handsome hero to have his head wounded?—the bandage holds his part in place so beautifully.

LET 'ER come! Prepared? Sure, we are! Why, say—listen! Our film folks alone could handle the scrap and bring it to a guhlorious finish!

It's all fixed, only President Wilson isn't telling anyone these hectic days. Me—I have an armful of inside information. Got it from my ol' pal, T. Lawson Leak. Here it is:

Now, first—

Well, of course, the first thing to do will be to squelch the picture censors. Being pests in time of peace, they'd only be in the way in wartime and annoy us some more, some way.

We'd have to interne them or put them in jail or something. Maybe we'll evolve a newfangled system of exchange. For instance, if the enemy caught one of our soldiers when he wasn't looking, we could give ten censors to get him back—or twenty. What do we care how we spend censors? We've got 'em to spare!

Our fortifications? Say, we'd post Roscoe Arbuckle on the Atlantic coast, Hughie Mack at the more or less Golden Gate, and Kate Price on the Mexican fringe. There you are! Get the idea? Why, *no* enemy could ever get past those three! Of course, these three fortifications of ours would kinda shut off our own light and air, but that is one of those vicissitude things that go with a big wrangle.

Then there is Will Shoot Hart. 'Atta boy! Just give him a car-load of six-shooters and stick him on the end of Sandy Hook. No hostile fleet will ever toss mean old shells among the chorus chicks on Broadway with *that* guy on the job! No, sir!

I was just thinking of those doggone censors again. Maybe we'd better kill 'em

now. Food will be scarce if we horn in on this free-for-all slaughter soiree, and why waste good grub on a censor?

The railroads' would be placed in the hands of Helen Holmes. That's settled! She knows more about box-cars and locomotives than the Germans do about Limburger! That's a strong statement, but it's true.

Mary Pickford would be commander-in-chief. Every man of us would follow *her* to where the censors are eventually going! Yes—and we'd skate along after her when it freezes over, too!

Pearl White and Marguerite Clark would have charge of the recruiting. Oh, *boy!* Just let those two say, "Come to arms!" and ten million guys would tram-

ple over each other to get there first! Ain't I right?

I guess, after all, it would be best to put those censors in the front ranks. They'd stop a lot of bullets which otherwise might hit human beings!

And we need not shudder over a possible invasion of the Pacific coast. Not a chance for a shud! Why, Charlie Chaplin could just stand on the dock down there at 'Frisco, pull off some of his stunts—and the enemy would laugh it-self to death! Betcha they would!



It Takes Money

Actor—There are things better than money in this world.

Director—Yes, but it takes money to buy them.



VITAGRAPH

Here's Earle Williams also holding three men at bay. No self-respecting screen hero would lower himself by taking on fewer than that number at one time.

Prepared



BLUEBIRD

Here you see Hayward Mack demonstrating the latest methods of polite warfare. No longer is it necessary for soldiers to lie on their stomachs in the mud and pump lead into one another in an unkind and unbrotherly fashion. No; a much better way is to get into a trim and snugly fitting uniform, plentifully besprinkled with braid loops, regally draw yourself up to your fullest height, fix the enemy with a piercing glare, and sternly and uncompromisingly twirl your mustache at him until he is put to utter rout. Note the long sash on this uniform. It is an indispensable accessory to warfare, serving the double purpose of accentuating the waistline—where there is one—and acting as a good swatter for that pest—the fly.



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

What girl wouldn't be willing to enlist with the Red Cross, for the privilege of draping this artistic bandage around Frank Bennett's head?



WORLD

We couldn't decide whether the strained expression on Carlyle Blackwell's face is due to the fact that he's been shot—or only "half-shot." The bandage, you know, might answer for both.



PATHE

No soldier, no matter how rough and ungallant, would have the heart to pull a gun on Pearl White, and any man would be more than happy to unconditionally surrender his arms to her.

Let 'Er Come!



WORLD

Because it is seldom that a great historical event and a great dramatic genius can be shown at one and the same time, we couldn't resist letting in this photograph of a bit of real warfare from the new Sarah Bernhardt picture, "Mothers of France." No "faking" was necessary for the war scenes in this photodrama. The action is woven in with scenes actually taken on the battlefield and in the hospitals of France. In the foreground Sarah Bernhardt, as Mme. Joan Marsay, seeks her loved ones in the trenches. It seems to us particularly fitting that Mme. Bernhardt, who typifies the undying spirit of France, plays the leading feminine role in this picture.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

If we had anything to say about it—which we have not—we would insist that the equipment of every naval officer include a dimple located in the exact center of the chin—like Thomas Chatterton's, for example.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Just looking at the medals on Howard Hickman's manly chest gives one a feeling of safety and confidence—even if he did win 'em for chasing a couple of extras off the lot.



VITAGRAPH

Of course, when a man is as good-looking as Antonio Moreno, it would be a sin for him to permit himself to be shot, and "Ugly men first" ought to be a hard-and-fast rule every time. But he is a brave, valiant-looking chap and would grace the front ranks of any army. His uniform is not so antiquated as it would appear at first glance. Belted models are to be all the rage this season, and as this one fits him perfectly, it could be brought up to date with very little trouble. Tony would stand no fooling from the enemy—from the stern set of his chin and the manner in which he grasps his trusty sword, you can see that.

"The Barrier"



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY WHITE STUDIO
Mabel Julianne Scott, who, as Necia, gives one of the best performances seen on the screen in some time.

THE Rex Beach Pictures Company, Inc., has made an excellent beginning in its initial release, "The Barrier," which is a remarkable and an absorbing photoplay. It was formed for the purpose of producing Mr. Beach's novels in motion pictures, and closely follows the swift action and striking situations of the book, avoiding the common mistake made by so many producing companies—that of trying to change a good story into an impossible scenario.

"The usual thing in motion pictures is to feature a star," say the producers. "We are doing the unusual and featuring an author, but with so strong a production as to enable every member of the cast to become a star." And that is just what has been done. "The Barrier" is the story as Rex Beach wrote it; the characters are the living, breathing people whom he drew—people of strong passions, of primitive emotions, real Americans, every one.

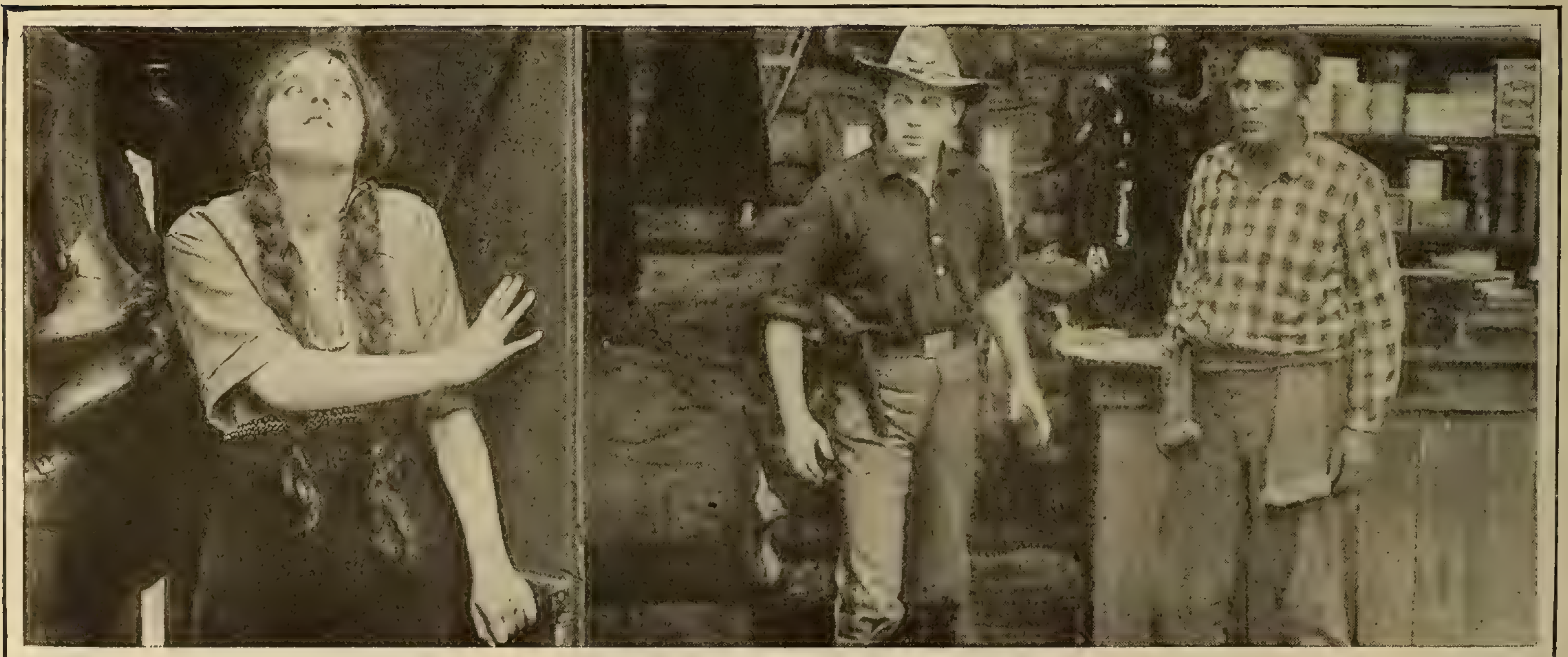
The story of "The Barrier" is familiar to almost every one. In the prologue, Merridy, grown tired of waiting for her lover, John Gaylord, who has gone gold hunting, marries Dan Bennett, an unscrupulous scoundrel. The marriage proves an unhappy one, Bennett forcing his wife to lead a shameful

life in the dance hall of which he is the proprietor. When Gaylord returns, Merridy begs him to take her little daughter, Necia, to safety. Necia, grown to girlhood among friendly Indians, believes herself to be a half-breed—the barrier to her marriage with the lieutenant whom she loves. 'Poleon Doret, a French-Canadian who loves Necia well enough to care only for her happiness, though that happiness cause the breaking of his own heart, unravels the tangle and leads her to her heart's desire.

To Edgar Lewis, who directed "The Barrier," belongs most of the credit for the excellent production it has been given. Mr. Lewis has done his work artistically, and, what is of even greater importance, he has done it understandingly. The selection of the cast has been wisely done, and every type is perfect. Victor Sutherland is Lieutenant Meade Burrell. Russell Simpson is John Gaylord in the prologue—John Gale of the story. Mabel Julianne Scott is Merridy, and, later, Necia, the heroine of the tale. Howard Hall is Dan Bennett, and, later, Ben Stark. Edward Roseman is Runnion. W. J. Gross is "No Creek" Lee. Mary Kennevan Carr is Alluna. And last, but by no means least, comes Mitchell Lewis as 'Poleon Doret, the lovable French-Canadian. While Russell Simpson is a good John Gaylord, he is an infinitely



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY
Necia falls in love with Lieutenant Meade Burrell (Victor Sutherland).



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY

Lieutenant Burrell, driven to the wall by 'Poleon Doret (Mitchell Lewis), confesses that he cannot marry Necia, who believes herself to be a half-breed.

better "Old Man Gale"; and Miss Scott, who is a charming Merridy, proves herself a really sterling actress as Necia. Her characterization of the pretty half-breed girl is fine, her touch is sure, and her understanding of the finer conception of the part is perfect. But to Mitchell Lewis goes out thanks for showing us the best portrayal we have seen in many a year. To be sure, Mr. Lewis does start in with one advantage, for 'Poleon is perhaps the greatest and the most sympathetic character in the book. But it is a small advantage, for, where he might have fallen short, Mr. Lewis has made his 'Poleon equally great and unforgettable. He is 'Poleon, the big, unselfish French-Canadian, who, loving Necia, is still great enough to give her up. His every motion and look pulls at the heartstrings, and even when one is smiling at his sallies, the tears are never far below the surface.

The major setting of the picture is in Alaska, where all that is red-blooded in men comes to the surface. And these *are* red-blooded men. No simulated fights are those which take place in "The Barrier," and the men who participate in them are not afraid of getting hurt—that is obvious. And the ending

of the picture, which might so easily have been spoiled, is perfect. Having given Necia into the arms of the lieutenant, the man she really loves, 'Poleon paddles out into the river alone. No final tableau is brought in to mar the beauty of the situation and send the spectator home comforted with a happy ending—only 'Poleon going away alone. And as he goes, he sings:

Oh, the voice of the North is a-calling me,
To join in the praise of the day;
So whatever the fate that's befalling me,
I'll sing every sorrow away.



Disguised

In the play being screened a woman was taking the part of a hypocrite. When Sunday arrived, she was flashed sitting in church.

"By George!" said a man to his wife. "I didn't recognize her as the same person."

"That is because," she replied, "she is all wrapped up in a cloak of religion."



REX BEACH PICTURES CO.

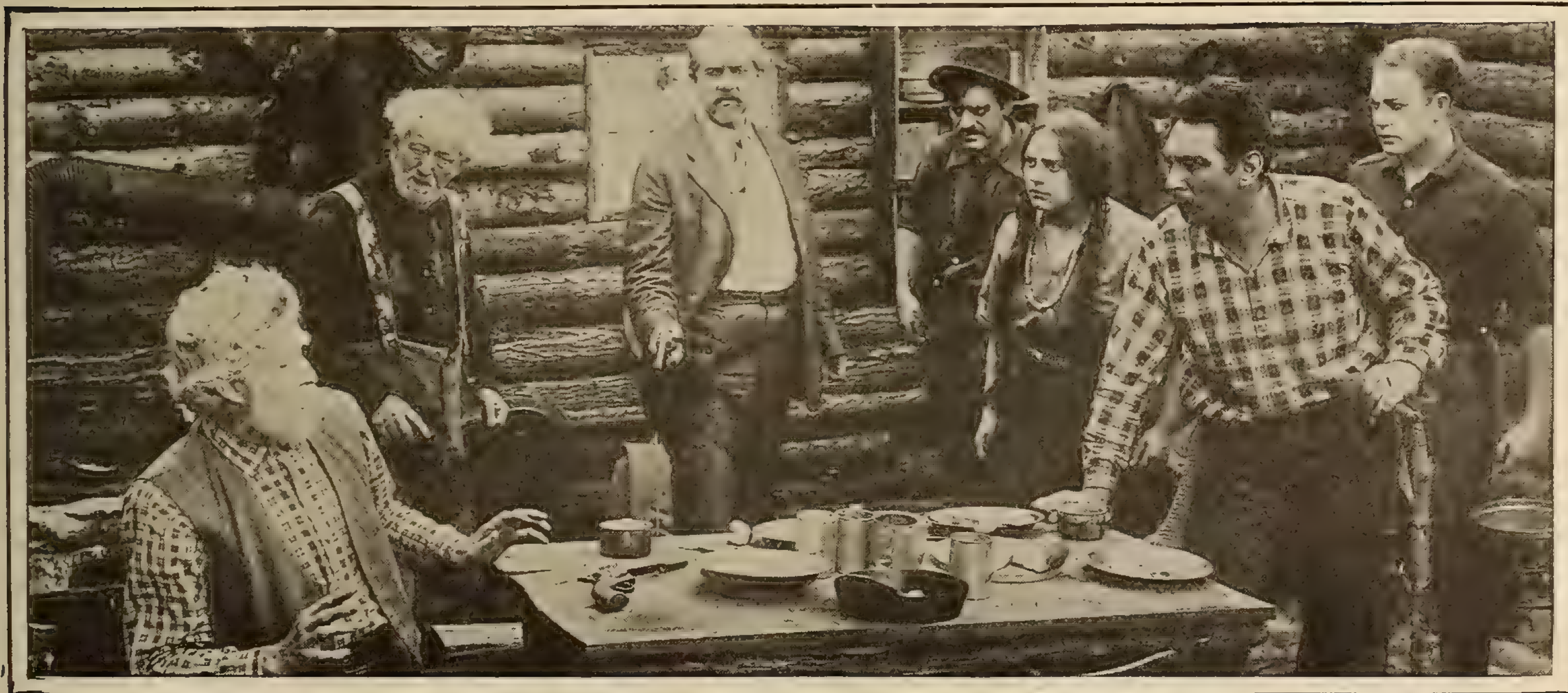
© MOFFETT, CHICAGO

Rex Beach, who, as the author of "The Barrier," is the featured person in that production.



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY

Necia tells Lieutenant Burrell that she has been playing with him.



REX BEACH PICTURES COMPANY

John Gale (Russell Simpson), under pretense of cleaning his revolver, tries to kill Ben Stark (Howard Hall), the man who has ruined him.

Some Comedies



FOX FILM

Once upon a time there were two society in-
they slept, they had a terrible nightmare. The
this is only one of the things that happened to
you can see

dividuals who spent a rough night. And while
men were Henry Lehrman and Billie Ritchie, and
them. In "The House of Terrible Scandals"
the rest.



JOKER

Here are R. A. Caven, Gale Henry and Lillian Peacock. It looks very much as though
Gale is flirting with Caven or the egg, but it's really neither of them. She's only think-
ing up some new laughs for her part in "The Careless Cop."



VOGUE-MUTUAL

The young gentleman in the exact center of this picture is Fido, who plays the leading role in "Freed by
Fido." Sharing honors with Fido is Lillian Hamilton—she takes a trip through Chinatown, is kidnapped,
hidden in cellars, and otherwise gently treated, until she is finally rescued by Fido.

Good Night!



MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter couldn't go to bed without letting the rest of the family see her new outfit. As usual, the bald heads are in the front row; and we gather that there appears to be standing room only.



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

Dear, dear, shades of our grandmothers! As if to make amends for Mary's lack of propriety, here's Enid Bennett wearing a good, old-fashioned flannel "nighty," with *long sleeves*, and firmly sitting on her feet! It's a good thing Enid is playing the role of a blind girl in this picture, else she would blush to see herself thus modestly attired.



MUTUAL-VOGUE

KAUFMAN AND FABRY

Modesty becomes a woman, but pink silk pajamas with ruffles become Gypsy Abbott. Gypsy is a brave girl. She is afraid of nothing—except the dark.



AMERICAN

Anna Little is a believer in prohibition—you notice that, unlike Gypsy, she has banned even the lightest of nightcaps—though, to be sure, her dreams will be just as pleasant without it, so refreshing is her "nighty." Anna has done her best to look pretty—not that we blame her. Even the Sand Man—well, you know how it is.



THESE critics have it soft. They get first look-see at all the reprehensible films, and then have the privilege of going out and panning them for effect. Here's this new eugenic picture, "Birth." The men critics filled the place, eager to see what they thought was going to be a sensation. One or two of 'em broke engagements for tea to get there. A few wearied women critics discreetly gathered about Beulah Livingston, publicity maker for the play, and watched the developments of the proper care of infants from the time of birth until they are taught to say their prayers all in a kneeling row.

"I do not understand why all the men crowd in here," whispered one of the young women. "All they can see is the stuff that men take up golf to get away from."

"Wha-dy-mean, get away from?" demanded one of the men.

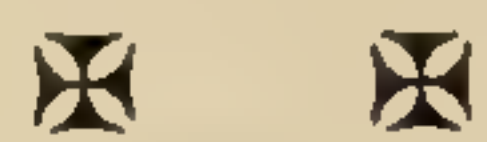
The young woman looked him bravely in the spot where his eyes gleamed viciously.

"Don't men play golf all day Sunday to get away from just such dear little domestic touches as the children being washed and dressed and fed?" she returned. "You came down here because you thought there was going to be some mysteries unveiled to your curious eyes—and all you find is a very good picture teaching the proper care and feeding of babies. Huh!"

The scene in which a stillborn infant is restored to life was too much for the nerves of one of the women critics. She made a dash for the door at the close of the picture.

"Tea somewhere!" she gasped, her brows wrinkled in pain. "I've got motor illusions—I always get 'em at these pictures."

Which is a painful result, as it were, of a college education and an academic atmosphere. If she hadn't known what "motor illusions" were, she probably would not have had 'em.



The taking of a motion picture always draws a crowd. We have a girl in this office who says she is the most unfortunate of human beings—she is never present at exciting moments. She says she has never seen a house on fire, or an automobile accident, or a motion picture being taken, or a man losing his garter. And she has an adventurous spirit.

A patient spirit is always rewarded. Gwendolyn's hopes were fulfilled quite unexpectedly and in a heap the other day, when a group of advertising women, members of the Women's Advertising League, were having their pic-

tures taken in front of an antique shop on Twenty-eighth Street. There's a funny little place there, where quaint gargoyles grin cheerfully and quite informally, with more dignified types of Venuses and other scantily garbed ladies of the earlier Greek period. Gwendolyn saw the crowd and horned in. Even the occupants of the office building on the other side of the street were interested as the camera man ordered the bewildered advertising women to "form in a line, two deep." These instructions were too deep for them until explanations were vouchsafed, and they were given the usual instructions not to look in the camera.

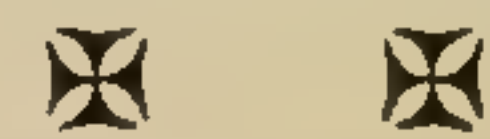
And then Gwendolyn discovered the surprise and joy of her day. She revels yet in the consternation of those very smart and good-looking advertising women when they discover it on the picture. For the busy and hurried director had grouped them directly under a sign, "Roof Tree Inn Antiques"!

Gwendolyn hurried to a side street to allow her emotions time and place to subside. And she saw a fire—a small one; but a fire. An automobile, endeavoring to escape from the coming hose machine, crashed into a curb, and Gwendolyn happily mixed in with the policemen and the driver and the bystanders.

It was a full day for Gwendolyn. As she came in at the entrance door to the building, she saw a very dapper young man stop, clutch at his ankle and dart frantically toward the cigar stand. She heard a tinkle of metal on the tiled floor and boldly looked. It was a lavender silk garter, escaped from its moorings and dragging on the floor.

You would think Gwendolyn would be happy now that all her ambitions for adventure had been satisfied in one afternoon, wouldn't you?

She says she has lost a grievance in fulfilling her ambitions, and on the whole she would rather have an interesting grievance to air than a satisfied ambition.



Speaking of ambitions, there is a director in New York who is also president and owner and general manager of his company. He has an ambition to produce the worst films in the business, and up to date he has been doing very well at it. One of the worst of them and the pride of his heart was shown before a censor board recently. The G. M. walked nervously back and forth in an anteroom, awaiting the verdict of the board. Some of the scenes, to put it mildly, were raw—no less. Comstock would have turned in his grave at the mere mention of them. The women members of the board spoke right out in meeting as the picture unrolled its filthy stretch of erotic thought.

"What did you think of it?" begged the G. M. as the lights were flashed on after the picture.

"I think you should be arrested for thinking of such a picture, let alone producing it," flashed the answer.

The G. M. grinned happily and rubbed his hands with satisfaction as the censors left.

"It'll go big," he announced. "That's the stuff! When it makes them women mad, the public wants it."

The public did not want it, and it is still on the shelf. The public wants clean pictures.

The Smile of Super Health and Power

You can't smile wholly, fully, sincerely, if your heart or liver, stomach or nerves are not completely alive, healthy and co-operating with your brain. You can't smile unless you can take your full share of pleasure and success without noticing mental or physical exhaustion.

By W. W. WASHBURN

ON my way to California, I met a crowd of my old friends. I was down and out, physically, mentally and personally. I had lost my nerve. I had lost my business sense. I feared to let go of a dollar because I did not believe it would ever come back to me. I was afraid to invest in government bonds for fear that somebody would change the government and in some manner I would lose my money. I was afraid of my own shadow. I was afraid of my friends. I was afraid of everything. I could not eat a moderate meal. I could digest practically nothing. Doctors had me living on food that seemed to me only fit for sick infants. I had no pleasures. I never smiled. I had no hope. I had constipation, indigestion, stomach acidity, anemia, nervous prostration, weakness all over. I was going to California because I was sent there by my doctors who believed it would ease my mind and also ease my wife's anxiety.

While passing through Wyoming, just west of Cheyenne, we passed a cemetery. It is strange what thoughts flash through a sick man's mind when he passes a cemetery. We were all seated in the observation car, some of us were talking while others were reading, and I had in my hand a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Among other things which seemed to have no interest for me, I read an advertisement and an announcement, promising superior health, confidence, virility, youth, strength, a healthy stomach, superior kidneys, a new heart—in short, super health and mind power. Ordinarily I would have paid no attention to it, but every word sounded so sincere that I decided to write for more particulars. I said to my friends that I would become interested, and that I believed that here was something radically different, that there was something that sought to make you better from within instead of attempting to benefit you by putting something into your system from without. After showing this momentary burst of confidence and hope, my friends all laughed.

They were all healthy. At least, they thought they were. They could laugh. But, on my part, I was serious. I made up my mind to write a postcard which I did. In a few days I obtained the information for which I was looking. Never in my life did I read such a book as was sent to me. It gave me a clearer insight into my own human condition than all the doctors I had consulted. It gave me more information about myself than I secured all through my college years.

I learned that there were 25,000 followers of Swoboda in New York City. I discovered that there were 12,000 in Chicago—15,000 in Philadelphia—7,000 in Boston—5,000 in Pittsburgh. I discovered that there were 25,000 in England. I discovered that in all there were over 262,000 followers of this man who had devoted his life to making other people healthy and happy.

I also received the most wonderful guarantee of satisfaction I have ever read. It made me the sole judge of whether or not I was benefited. It asked me to give up nothing that I wanted to do. There was nothing objectionable about the proposition at all. There were no cold tub baths, electricity or massage—no dieting, no deep breathing, no apparatus of any kind. There was nothing to take internally. There was no violent exercise. It required no drugs or medicines of any kind.

The whole thing was as clear as a bell. The book explained how the body is made up of billions of tiny cells—how our health depends entirely on the condition of these cells. It

showed that by consciously energizing every cell, tissue and organ in the body, health, strength, power, ambition, must inevitably result. It showed that it was totally unnecessary for anyone to take less than his full share of pleasure and success. It showed the close relationship between physical health and mental energy.

Page after page I read. I was fascinated. I read the statements of some of the 262,000 people who had adopted SWOBODA'S System of Conscious Evolution. I had tried practically everything. I was on my way to California almost as a last resort. Since there was nothing that could possibly hurt me—and since I was risking absolutely nothing in view of the startling guarantee sent to me, I grasped the opportunity as a drowning man grasps a life-preserver. When the first instructions arrived I tried them at once. The first five minutes I began to feel better. The next day I devoted a few minutes longer to the instruction. In an amazingly short time, I became well, strong, vigorous, manly. I developed every desirable characteristic; I even discovered that in Conscious Evolution not only the physical and physiological forces are modified, amplified, and thus highly organized, but that the personality is intensified; and that through Conscious Evolution not only immediate results of a wonderful character were accomplished for me, but that I also obtained an ultimately permanent advantage in the form of higher consciousness, a more intense consciousness.

In the realization of this fact, I looked back to that observation car way out in Wyoming when I gave expression to my hope, in seeing the announcement in the *Saturday Evening Post* of Conscious Evolution, and I wonder how many unfortunate human beings neglected to write for the literature offered free.

Fate chuckles in her sleeve at many a man and woman who believe themselves smart, and highly efficient, and who fail to consciously evolutionize because they are satisfied. Fate laughs at many an individual who laughs at the idea of creative evolution. If you want to smile, if you want unusual health, unusual vitality, unusual living power, unusual pleasure obtaining power, unusual youth, unusual thought power, get that booklet of Swoboda's as I did. It will enlighten you. It will educate you. It will show you that what you think is health is only sickness.

Regardless of how young you may feel, of how efficient you may think you are—regardless of how active, energetic and alert you may consider yourself—regardless of how healthy, wealthy, or successful you may be, you cannot afford, in justice to yourself, to miss the interesting and instructive secrets explained for the first time in this startling new book.

A mere reading of "Conscious Evolution" will so fill you with enthusiasm and ambition, that you will not rest until you have yourself acquired the Swoboda kind of health and energy by cultivating and revitalizing intensively every cell, tissue, and organ in your own system. Write a letter or a postal card and mail it today. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. I urge you by all means not to delay, not to say, "I'll do it later," but to send NOW, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free for you to keep—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write NOW. Address ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2043 Aeolian Bldg., New York City.

(Advertisement.)

The Young Lady Usher

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS



THE Young Lady Usher escorted an irritable old gentleman along the darkened passage, and turned her attentions to a sad guy sitting in an end seat in the middle row, with his feet in the aisle. He was sobbing into a dirty handkerchief. She inquired the reason for his depression, and between snivels he told her that it was because the monologist was pulling the jokes his old mother had told him when they used to sit in front of his father's steam boiler in the city hall, yeahs and yeahs ago.

The Young Lady Usher told him that that was the third time she had spoken to him about his feet, and that he *must* remove them, or she would speak to the special officer, who was asleep over the ticket chopper outside. But the man was deaf to her urge, having sulkily withdrawn into the velvet collar of his overcoat. As she did not have the heart to strike him with her flashlight, The Young Lady Usher sighed and shoved aside the muddy shoes herself. They were very heavy, and the exertion resulting from the necessary tugging brought a more than natural flush to her pretty cheeks. Finally she had the feet safely cached beneath the seat ahead and left the sad guy to grouch it out by himself.

When she had assisted an intoxicated gentleman to a seat, and he had fallen heavily into it, with his drowsy head resting on the lean shoulder of a horrified maiden lady, initiatory to a quiet nap, The Young Lady Usher continued her noiseless tour of inspection (Wear Sureslip Rubber Heels—the yellow splug does it—ask Father; he don't know), smiling dazzlingly though unseeingly at six different young men, each of whom swallowed hard in delicious embarrassment and assured himself that he was the chosen one.

The Young Lady Usher agreed with a mildewed old dame that them mermaid ones were the best yet; it was so interesting to see the girls distorting around in the water.

The lady contended that the only detracting point about such pictures was the superfluity of male attendance; that the last time she had seen one, every person seated in the row ahead was a man, and they were all bald-headed. The Young Lady Usher said, "Yes, the old fools were worse than the young ones."

In one of the back rows The Young Lady Usher came

upon a gentleman from the outlying districts, squintingly contemplating the little metal candy purveyor attached to the back of the seat in front of him and mumbling incoherently to himself. She asked Ezry the reason for his perturbation, and he informed her that he was ready to swear on the stand that he had put a nickel into the dad blamed thing, but that it wouldn't give up a drop, and there was nothing he liked better than nice, sweet, chocolate candy, with plenty of nuts in to craunch on. He querulously demanded his money back.

The Young Lady Usher was just in the act of restraining him from smashing the box with the head of his cane, when their attention was held by the peculiar actions of a stout woman seated immediately in front. She was in some sort of distress, mainly exemplified by a convulsive, not to say spasmodic, disorder of the shoulders and back. The Young Lady Usher thought it was St. Vitus's One-step and was just expressing her sympathy for the unfortunate woman, when the latter turned around sharply, and exhibiting a very red face, told them tersely that somebody around there was trying to get gay by dropping cold objects down her back, and if that old fool was endeavoring to flirt with her, she'd smash him in the jawr, that's what she'd do, the old fossil!



The Young Lady Usher politely requested the indignant lady to stand up for a moment. They heard the coin strike the floor with a gentle thump. The Young Lady Usher used her flashlight—thus literalizing the hymnic injunction to brighten the corner where she was—in finding the coin, and hurried it back to the impatient old gentleman, who had already begun to worry.

The Young Lady Usher left the old man contentedly gnawing his sweetmeat, and, by virtue of the niggardly quality of his eyesight, consuming as much tinfoil as chocolate, and after a final glance over the sea of heads, knobby and otherwise, moved back to where the house manager was taking it all in. To his salaaming query as to whether it was a bustling afternoon, she replied that, no, it was slow if anything, she having difficulty in finding adequate occupation, and that she expected things to speed up a little as evening came on, thank you.



City Physicians Explain Why They Prescribe Nuxated Iron

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Quickly transforms the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of weak, anemic men and women into a perfect glow of health and beauty—Often increases the strength of delicate, nervous, run-down folks 100 per cent. in two weeks' time.

IT IS conservatively estimated that over three million people annually in this country alone are taking Nuxated Iron. Such astonishing results have been reported from its use both by doctors and laymen, that a number of physicians in various parts of the country have been asked to explain why they prescribe it so extensively, and why it apparently produces so much better results than were obtained from the old forms of inorganic iron.

Extracts from some of the letters received are given below:

Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York physician and medical author, says: "There can be no vigorous iron men without iron."

"Pallor means anemia."

"Anemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anemic men and women is pale; the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone, the brain fags and the memory fails, and they often become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks."

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste-pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another grave iron loss."

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience in this country and who has been given many honorary titles in England, says: "Nuxated Iron gives the weak and run-down that great vim, energy and endurance so envied by the weakling. Its widespread use should bring about the most startling results everywhere. The pale, anemic, nervous people now seen at every turn shuffling lifelessly along the streets should become sturdy, alert men

and women of snappy stride, brimming over with vim and vitality."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician who has studied both in this country and in great European Medical Institutions, says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. The real and true cause which started their disease was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood."

"Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was, notwithstanding his age. The secret, he said, was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 he was careworn and nearly all in—now at 50 after taking Nuxated Iron a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth."

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron."

"If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again, and see how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while double their strength and endurance and entirely rid themselves of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days' time, simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this, after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her chil-

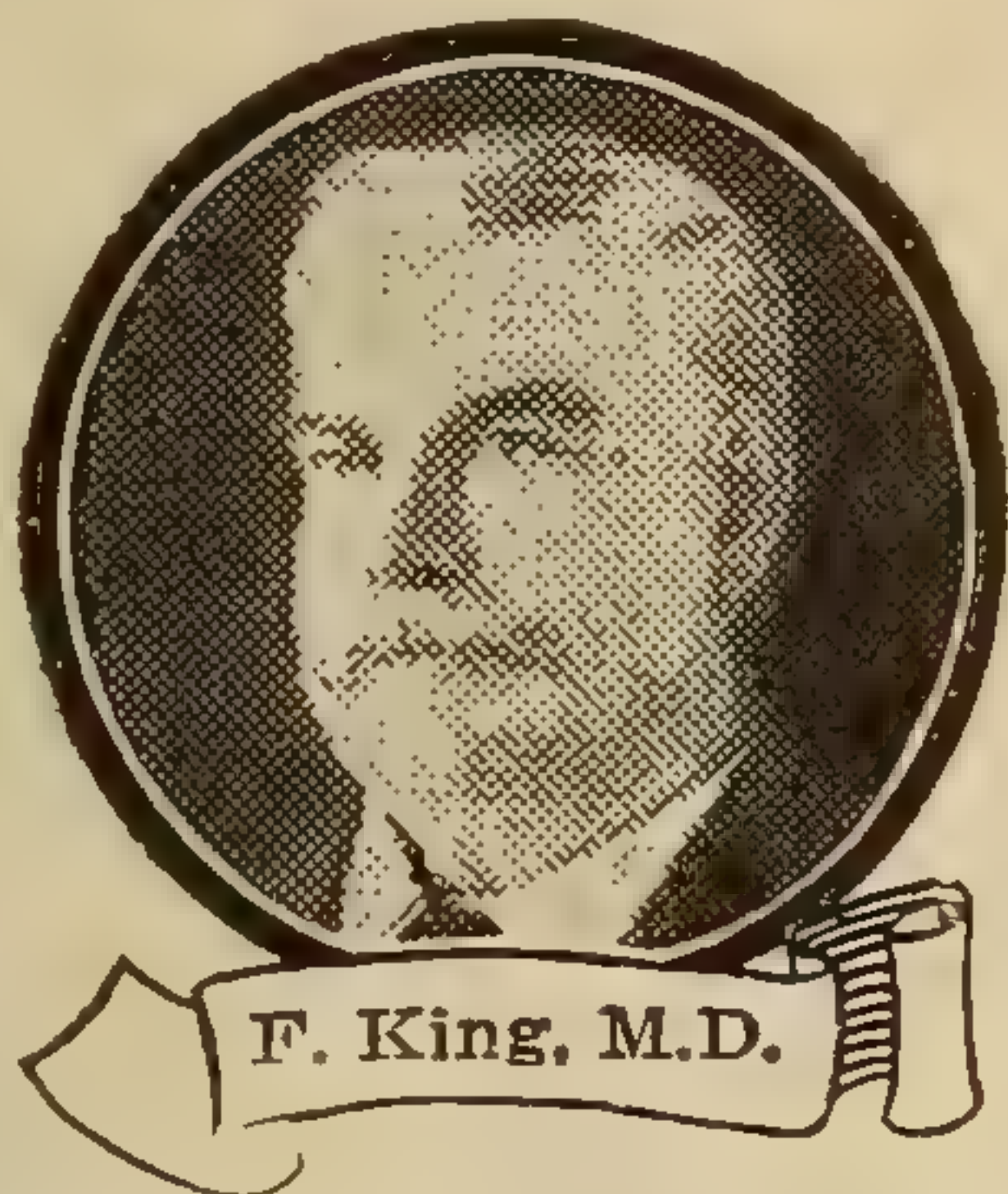
dren is, alas! not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete and prize-fighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray; while many another has gone down in inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron."

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, of New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it."

But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. And those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."

Dr. Howard James, formerly Resident Physician of New York City Hospital and Assistant Physician of New York State Institutions, says: "Patients in an enervated and devitalized state of health, those for instance convalescing from protracted fevers those suffering from a long-standing case of anemia, all such people, in my opinion, need iron. Of late, there has been brought to my attention, Nuxated Iron. In practice, I have found this an ideal restorative and upbuilding agent in these cases above mentioned."

NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians both in Europe and America. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in nuxated iron, that they offer to forfeit \$100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron, and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



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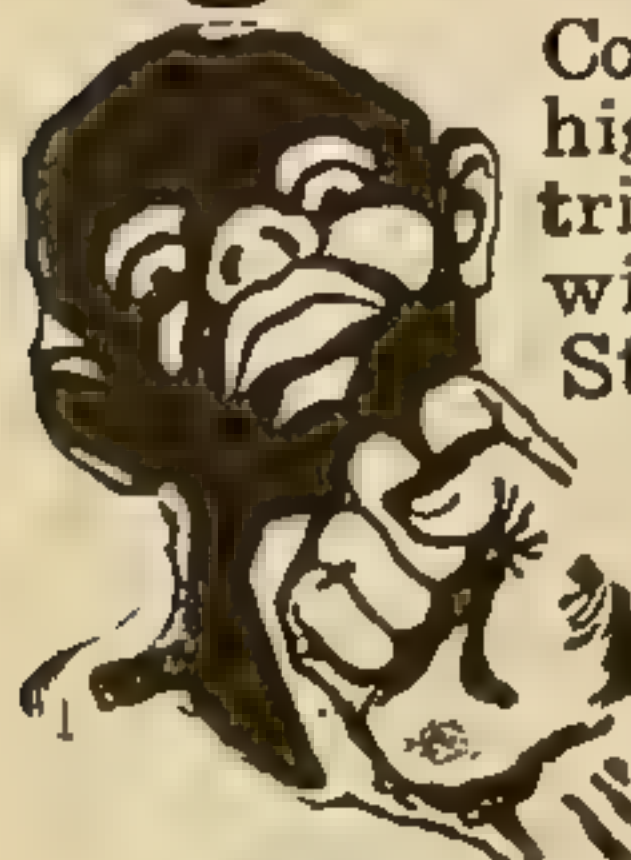
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Who's Who and Where

Crane Wilbur says he can stand almost anything, but when people tell him "how pretty" he is, he wants to haul off and let them have what's coming to them.

Marguerite Clark is to star in an adaptation of the "Sub-debutante" stories, written by Mary Roberts Rinehart and appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Frank Goldsmith is a great lover of astrology. He says that this month the stars are saying just what they've been saying for several months past—"I want a larger salary."

Stuart Holmes says that one advantage of being a villain is that he can always get a seat in the subway. As soon as people recognize him, they get right out of his way.

Cleo Madison has severed connections with the Stern Motion Picture Company and is to produce and direct her own plays, under the name of the Cleo Madison Film Company.

At last a male form of the word "vampire" has been found. A "he-vampire," ladies and gentlemen, is, according to the Balboa scenario staff, a "chicken-hawk." Dictionary writers, please copy.

Mary Miles Minter has a collection of fifty dolls, of all sizes and conditions. Mary says she loves them just as much as she ever did and likes to have them near her, for they seem just like members of the family.

Zoe Ray says she'll never marry a man who drinks or swears. She asked her father how she could tell if he had those habits or not. "You can smell his breath," answered her father. Now Zoe wants to know how she can smell swear words.

"At last," says the Fox publicity bureau, "Theda Bara has revealed the secret of her remarkable screen impersonations, which have held millions enthralled by her consummate skill. Miss Bara is self-hypnotized when portraying vampire roles!"

Josie Sedgwick and the rest of the Universal Company worked straight through from eight-thirty Wednesday morning to ten-thirty on Thursday, re-

cently, to complete a picture. Which goes to show that all is not gold—Not that the last line fits, but we had to finish up with something, didn't we?

Shorty Hamilton is so fond of his horse, "Beauty," and talks to her so much, that people around the studio have fallen into the habit of referring to them as "Beauty and the Beast." Shorty hasn't decided yet whether he's going to feel insulted or not.

There is to be a bear in George Beban's next picture, and the latter has been very busy learning the bear language and getting acquainted with Mr. Bruin. Donald Crisp reports that the actor is making excellent progress, particularly when the bear lets out a roar and Beban bolts for the tall timber.

Five Hudson River boats have been named for the five Goldwyn stars—Mae Marsh, Maxine Elliott, Mary Garden, Jane Cowl and Madge Kennedy. Mary Garden's last act before sailing from New York for Vigo, Spain, was to order a gold monogram plate to be put on her namesake, which was formerly "City of Plainfield."

Geraldine Farrar went over to Fort Lee recently to watch her husband play an important scene. She very seldom does that, but in this particular case the actor was toying with a huge Siberian wolf, as an incident to the filming of the action. It is not clearly stated, however, whether Miss Farrar went to cheer Lou-Tellegen or the wolf.

Lillian Hamilton has ordered ten thousand postal cards, on which is to be written:

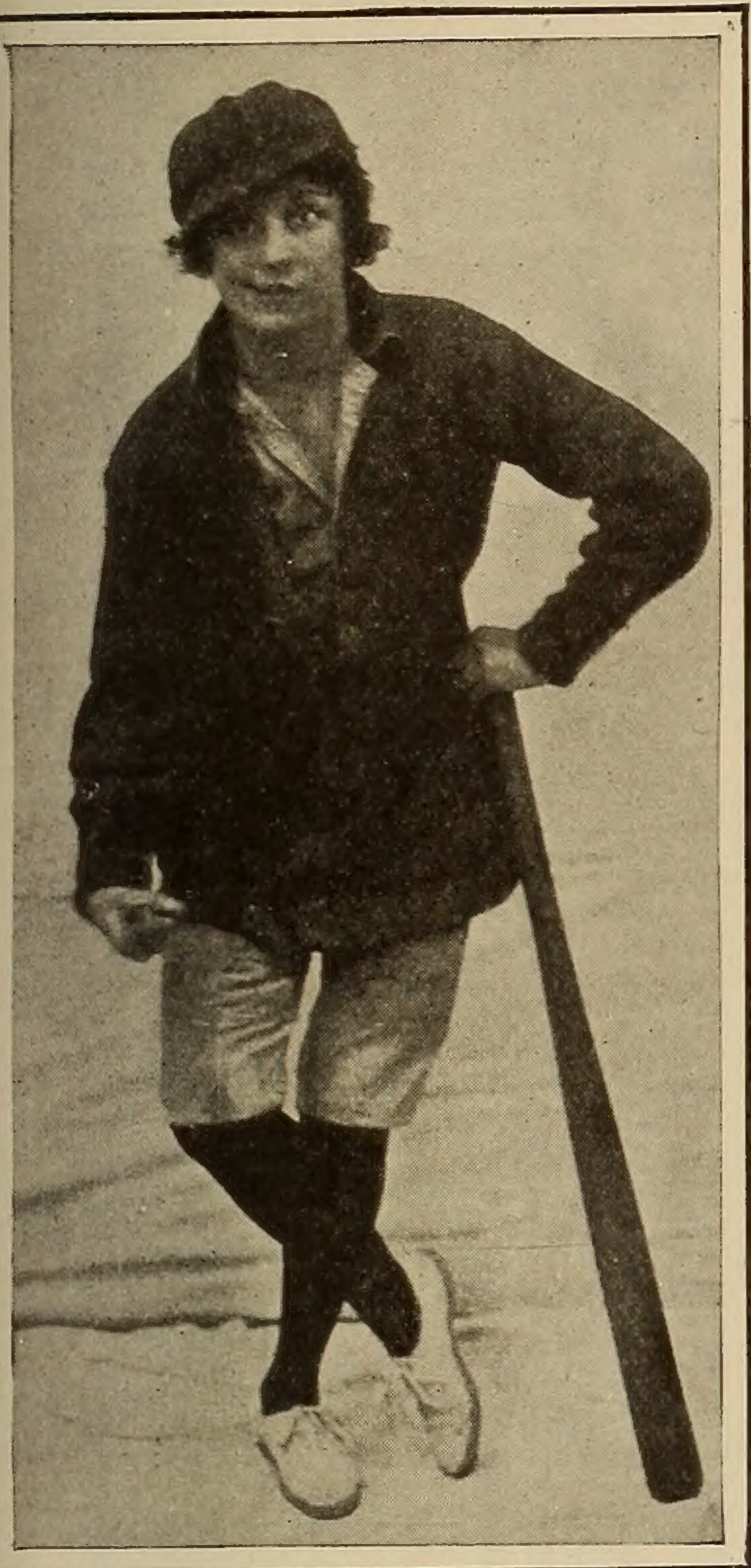
I am not married.
I am not going to be married.
I do not want to marry you.
I live with my mother.
I am perfectly contented as I am.

Lillian says that she has to do it in self-defense.

Poor Frank Losee seems to be in for it. After hobbling about with a ball and chain fastened to his ankle in "Great Expectations," he is tied tight to a chair in the first scene of "The Dummy." Losee declares that if there is one yard of rope listed among the properties in his next picture, he will walk out of the production and retire to his farm in Yonkers.

Hank Mann says it's dangerous for him to eat pie with his meals—he always has an irresistible desire to sling it at someone.

Ruth Lackaye says that the feminine sex is not one bit less capable than the male, and that you find competents and incompetents among both sexes. 'Ray for Ruth!



McCLURE

Pity the poor umpire when Shirley Mason gets at the bat!

"Madame Butterfly" is the name of Kathleen Clifford's Japanese sleeve dog, but she calls it "Lili" for short. Lili has gone on the pay-roll for "three bones," though Miss Clifford says the dog is too delicate for such coarse food.

Here's Silas E. Snyder's opinion of New York: "Ice and other kinds of skating. Much nut chatter. Stale air, stale tobacco, stale jokes, stale folks. Tons of rouge. Miles of hosiery. Graft. Greed." Well, anyway, according to Silas, we're pretty bad, we New Yorkers.

Chester Conklin is "raising beans for the navy." Chester has a bean ranch into which he has put all his money, and it is paying so well that it seems to be making him a rich man. Chester says the boys can make fun of him all they want to, just as long as the profits from the beans go into his own bank.

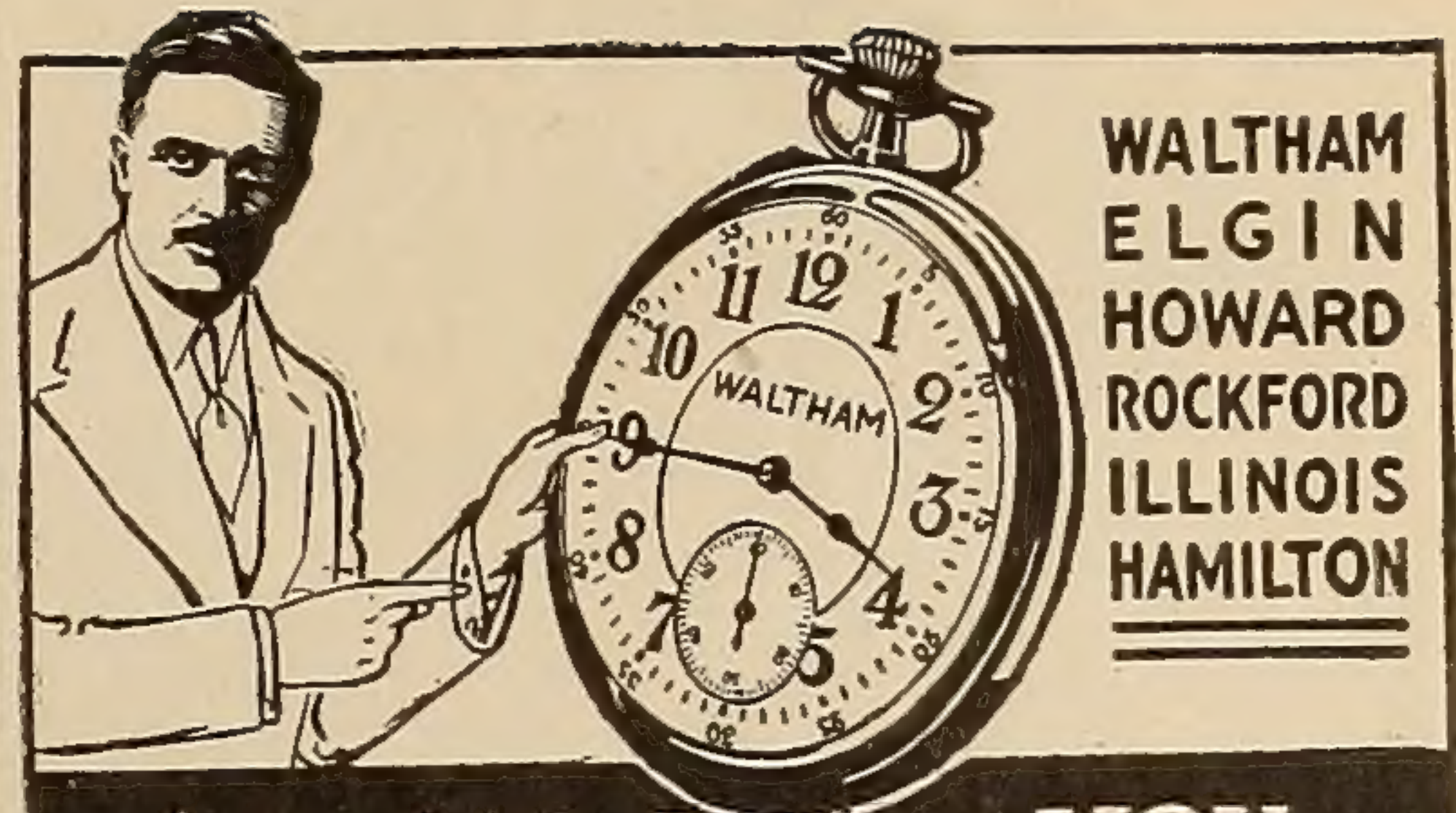
Creighton Hale holds the long-distance record for the number of letters he receives from feminine admirers. His friends suggest that, in view of the high cost of paper, he ought to buy a paper baler and sell the letters at one dollar per hundred pounds, to keep him in gasoline for his car.

The residents around Klondike Park are trying to collect \$45,000 from William Fox, since the latter staged a war scene in that neighborhood. They say that the battle was so noisy and so exciting, that after it the nerves of the residents were severely strained, and that their cows gave less milk. One more argument for the pacifists.

All the while she was acting in "Little Lost Sister," Vivian Reed was suffering from a severely bruised foot. But though she was under the doctor's care, she refused to hold up work on the production, and went through the scenes without even limping, registering joy and sorrow. You may rest assured, however, that whenever she expressed pain, it was the real article.

Universal City is having an epidemic of patriotism. The men have formed a military body for use of their country in case of war, and the women, not to be outdone, have organized a Red Cross service. Every screen actress at the city who can spare the time is taking a course in "First Aid," in order to be ready to care for the wounded and sick, if her services are needed.

Eddie Barry thought he had just about every kind of animal that could be needed in a motion picture, for among his zoological treasures are a goat, any number of dogs, several horses, rabbits and a parrot. He even had an elephant staked in the backyard, until the neighbors raised a fuss. Recently, though, one of the property men, as a joke, 'phoned down to him for a whidah-bird, and Eddie has been all broken up since, because he wasn't able to furnish it.



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This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

Please tell me where I can send a letter to Annette Kellermann. Would she answer personally and send me a photograph? An Interested Reader.

You can write to Miss Kellermann, care of the Fox Film Corporation, 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. If she is not too busy, she will answer your letter and your question as to the photograph.

I have been a constant reader of FILM FUN for some time and enjoy it very much. I have often wanted to know who it is that plays opposite Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men." Where could I get a photo of him? D. K., Muncy, Pa.

Marshall Neilan played opposite Miss Clark in "Mice and Men." You can write him for his photo, unless you prefer to wait a few months, as FILM FUN will soon print a good picture of him.

I read FILM FUN and think the stories are dandy. I enjoy the Readers' Column especially. I am very anxious to become a motion picture actress. Can you tell me how? D. J., New Haven, Conn.

Our advice to you is, give up the idea of becoming a motion picture actress. The field is already overcrowded, and there is no room in it for inexperienced girls. The road to success is a very long and a very hard one, and you would do well to think twice before courting heartache and discouragement.

I like FILM FUN. It is a fine little magazine, and I prefer it to other magazines, because you answer questions. Please tell me whether Marguerite Clark has ever been married, and if so, to whom. I cannot understand why actresses object to having the public know of their marriages. W. H., Waycross, Ga.

A few actresses foolishly believe that it would detract from their popularity if their marriages were known to the public. Marguerite Clark has never been married.

No Evasion

A society play was in progress. A close-up was flashed of a very thin girl in a low-neck dress.

"Isn't she fearfully flat-chested!" remarked a girl to her companion.

"Yes," was the reply; "and she doesn't make any attempt to conceal it."

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912. Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library & Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1917.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to-wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and the business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Elizabeth A. Sears, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, James A. Waldron, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Some stock and bond holders may represent others. If so, affiant does not know whom they represent. REUBEN P. SLEICHER. (Signature of the Business Manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1917. A. EDWARD ROLLAUER, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 39; New York County Register's No. 7065; Commission Expires March 30th, 1917.

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